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THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
  Tall and slender, and yellow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
  But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
  "Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
  Said the jolly old pedagogue of long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
  Writing, and reading, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
  And the wants of the littlest child he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
  "There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
  Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
  Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school,
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
  And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
  We should make life pleasant, down here below,
"The living need charity more than the dead,"
  Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the Newthorn lane,
  With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
  And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
  "And my friends and relatives, here below,
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
  Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
  Every night when the sun went down;
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there
  On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And, feeling the kisses, she smiled and said:
  'Twas a glorious world, down here below,
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
  Said the the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat in his door one midsummer night,
  After the sun had sunk in the west;
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
  While the odorous night wind whispered "Rest."
Gently, gently he bowed his head—
  There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
  This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

TRUTH.

BY BEVERLY.

We wonder how often man pauses to take in the depth and breadth of this little word in all its bearings.

"God is truth." Herein we find its omnipotence; not that God is truthful, but that He is truth; it is a part of His being; it it omnipotant as He; eternal as He. Oh! is it not wonderful mercy that this God-like attribute should descend to man in his fallen estate; should be so far attainable by him as to make bright and glorious the image of his Maker upon him? Truth being a part of God, s the source of all goodnay, is an essence of purity diffusing itself through all good; becoming its vital part; infusing life and strength into it. Take away truth from any action, thought or feeling, and it at once becomes evil. It may by the subtle reasoning of man be made appear specious; nay, almost positive good; but let us disrobe it and look at it through the clear lens of truth, and it is all unclean, filthy and abominable. Here we pause to ask how many politicians in our country to-day, of whatever party they be, can bear the all-powerful touchstone of truth, applied to their every public act? If one there be, mark him well, for he is that rare thing, a true patriot; be his views what they may, if truth is an integral part of his nature he will not far wrong his country, since honesty is simple and easily understood. Only think of what mighty results rest, through God's ordination, in the hands of parents. Honest men for homes, honest men for communities, honest men for the great business world, honest men for national work. Oh, parents, when will we take in all the responsibility intrusted to us in the rearing of children? When, oh! when, will we learn to do our great duty truly and honestly? Let truth be inwrought into the child's entire being. Right is ever an adherence to truth in some form; wrong is ever a deviation from it. Truth is noble, is God-like; falsehood is ignoble, is satanic. Let these facts be so implanted in the child that he will never dream of doubting them, and then teach him to apply them to all things, even the smallest of life—for instance, he is of a quick, impassioned nature—ask him if it be just to others that they should be made suffer by his angry words or deeds, and if he has been carefully reared he will readily answer "no." Then your conduct is false to the right, is a lie against the truth. Are you willing to be so base a thing as a liar, even indirectly? Ten to one that he recoil from the thought, and thereafter guard himself. Of course the judicious parent will enforce truth in its more intricate forms by degrees, as the child becomes grounded and fixed in the principle; but, above all, let the parent guard against the very appearance of falsehood until the child is old enough to discern between irony and untruth. This care taken in all things, and we will rear a child that can not lie, and he will be found fit for all the relations of life, for uncompromising truth hedges us in from almost every sin, as no sin can be named but it is either a lie, directly or indirectly. Oh! parents, let us take this single text, truth, and ingrain it into every intricacy of our children's spirits, ever remembering that while we work God only can give the glorious consummation, i. e., a man who can not lie. Well hath Holy Writ said that God is truth and the devil a liar and the father of liars.

Ruskin says: "No false person can paint; he may seize a truth here or there, but the relations of truth in all its perfectness he can never perceive." Aye, and this is true of every good and perfect thing, and this is the reason why so little of the highest order is accomplished upon earth. Truth is wanting in the worker.

The writer may create, he may elaborate with his fancy until he charms us for an hour with the novelty of his conceptions and the bright tissue of flowing words in which he clothes them, but if he be not earnestly truthful it is as the tinkling symbal and the sounding brass—a pleasant sound soon gone, and a sad want of something better, truer and higher left in the heart. The sculptor may chisel until beauty touches the rounded form and the exquisitely carved features, and we smile with pleasure of a beauty, dead though it be; if the spirit of truth be wanting to hallow all with the soul that breathes, even through marble, but our inmost being, our higher, nobler self, is still untouched.

The orator the same. He must by the power of inate truth within himself, present truth if he would carry it home to his hearers and implant it in their hearts. Oh, truth! thou glory of the All Gracious, how art thou abused upon earth! Man takes thee and draws thee about falsehood and wraps thee around her until her hideous proportion are made to appear as beautiful as thyself, then pushes forth the lie in the world and cares not after his purpose has been accomplished if thou dost recoil from the polluted contact and leave her all naked before man, the hideous monster she is.

Again, he places thee under his feet, grinds thee into the dust, raises his shameless front up to Heaven and declares and enforces his lies through the mere power of might. Oh! beauteous spirit of truth divine, where hast thou flown that earth should be so corrupt? When, oh! when wilt thou come to dwell with man and reign supreme?

AN AMATEUR SUPE'S STORY.

BY RALPH KEELER.

Take this one, please; the fellows have used that chair a little rough, as you see. The table, I think, will hold. Perhaps you will like this pen better. It's queer, you should want to write it down. Well, I'll give it to you again just as it happened, and I will pledge my word and honor, too, that it is true in every particular. That was over three years ago, now;—you never do? You don't mind my smoking though, I suppose?—yes, it must have been three years and a half ago, for of course you know I am a senior now; at any rate, it was during the first vacation of my freshman year. I wouldn't do such a thing these days, you understand; a fellow gets older as—as he advances in years; you know what I mean. Well, I went down to the city to pass the first vacation with a friend. My friend was not any taller than I was, though he was my elder by about two years, but then he weighed nearly twice as much as I did. The fact is he was remarkably fat for one who could get around as he did. And he was the jolliest fellow I ever knew. It was he who proposed that we should go on the stage as supernumeraries. The inspiration came to him just after lunch one day, as he was reading the playbill of one of the theatres. A grand spectacular melodrama, entitled, I believe, "Footprints of the Fairies," was to be produced. Although it was a bad, rainy afternoon we started for the theatre, where, "at enormous expense and with an unparalleled host of attractive auxiliaries," "the great, pleasing, moral, instructive and sensational melodrama," as we read in the bill, would be given "every evening until further notice." I don't know how we learned or guessed that the ballet and processions were rehearsed in the afternoon, but it seems they were.

Arrived at the theatre, we saw at a glance it would not do to let the man in the box-office into our secret, there was something so forbiddingly commercial in his face; his sympathy with art, we felt sure, paused at the waxed ends of his dyed moustache. Prowling round the building, we finally discovered an alley which led to the back entrance. There we had the good fortune to observe a small battalion of mangy-looking creatures, of all ages and both genders, huddled about the door under umbrellas and waterproofs more or less shabby. These, we soon learned, were the supes, with the rank and file of the ballet, come to the afternoon rehearsal, and waiting for the door to be opened. We fraternized with them during the five minutes or more we stood together in the rain before the laggard doorkeeper made his appearance; that is, we made known our ambition to the most respectable-faced fellow among them and chatted with him in a friendly way, until we had a chance to follow the crowd through the narrow door into a dark hole somewhere under the stage. This was what is called the "supe-room," as I afterward learned. Impunity thus far emboldened us to ask for some one in authority; and so we were referred to a little thin old Frenchman whose blood seemed all gone to his head. His face was excessively red; and his scalp, redder still if possible, shone grotesquely through his sparse, sandy-white hair. We did not see where he came from; he burst in upon us as soon as the gas was lighted. Swelling with turkey-cock dignity, he gave us to understand that he, *ma foi!* was master of the ballet, and had "nossing to do wiz ze confoun' supes." And then the old fellow walked off, pointing his toes at exact right angles.

Soon after that a door opened in the back part of the room we were in, and we became suddenly aware of three things—first, a smell of water-color paint from the scenes in the mysterious region of the stage above; second, a stairway leading to that coveted region itself; and third, the presence, as the whisper of the unruly multitude around us immediately announced, of Mr. Butler, the chief of the supes. He was a brisk, decided sort of a man, a born American I should say, perhaps thirty-five years old. We told him we wanted to go on the stage just for one night; we didn't want any money for it, in fact, would rather like to pay for the privilege; in any way, and on any condition, we simply wanted to go on the stage; we would go on in the ballet even, but unfortunately we couldn't dance. It was my fleshy friend who said that. Of course, he wouldn't have said anything so self-evident if he had not been embarrassed by the very quiet way in which the chief of the supes listened to our enthusiasm. There was a moment of silence, during which Mr. Butler looked us over like so many theatrical properties, and then he said that he had no use for us; that he had supes enough. We told him we thought ourselves peculiarly adapted to the business; we had a love for it; we had taken parts in private theatricals, and really had dramatic talent of which he could form no idea. But it was of no use. He said he could form a pretty fair idea of our dramatic talent; there was no need to say any more about it; we could not go on the stage in that theatre. We thought of offering him every dollar we had with us as a bribe; but there was something so decided and business-like about Mr. Butler, that we had not the courage. He marshaled the supernumerary host up to rehearsal, and there was seemingly nothing left for us to do but to go home again.

On our way out through the passage we observed an old fellow at the door of what proved to be the room where the supes' costumes were kept. I think he was an Englishman; he was a little old man, and the gray bristles of his chin, the whole lower part of his face and the whole upper part of his coat and vest were covered with snuff. Now, dirt and dishonesty may not always go together, but this man looked bribable. We told him of our unsatisfied longing to be fairies, or soldiers in the triumphant army of the prince, or at least a pair of those nondescript citizens of melodrama, who represent nothing that ever was on land or sea, but who swell processions or stand against flats in imbecile phalanx; and we ended by offering the old fellow $5 if he would smuggle us in among the supes that night. He gave the lower part of his face a new coat of snuff while was hesitating. Finally, after much argument on both sides, he consented, if we would agree to pay him the money as soon as we had got inside the theatre, and if we would promise not to betray him, even should we be detected and ignominiously expelled. As we took our leave he gave us two "supe checks," which would open the magic back door to us on our return that evening. But to make everything doubly safe, he appointed a meeting with us at six o'clock upon a neighboring street corner.

Reaching my friend's house, we gave warning that we should not be at home to dinner, that we were going to dine out and go to the theatre "with a party." Then we went up stairs to dress, that is, to put on our very worst old clothes. Leaving our watches, and all our money but $7 50 between us, we stole out of the house unobserved; and in an oyster cellar, over a couple of thin stews, we waited our time. The old fellow met us promptly on the corner at the appointed hour, led us silently and mysteriously to the room of which he had charge, and received his five dollars with trembling hand. Even so early as that most of the supes had arrived, and, what was worse for us, they had appropriated all the best costumes. The result was that we had to make ourselves up from the habilimentary remnants of various ages and nations. I succeeded in getting into a pair of white tights and a kind of tunic which hugged me, even in the skirt, about as closely as the tights did. I forget what our old friend said was the original color of this tunic, but I remember it was much scaled and spangled, and barred across the breast with red and white. Upon my head I wore an elegant cap and bells, and held a cottonwood wand in my hand. My cap was too large, and kept getting down over my nose, like an extinguisher. Both of my sandals were designed for the right feet of two noble Romans, who could never have been near enough of a size to be brothers; one of my sandals, in fact, was too large and the other was too small for me. My friend, who had also skirmished all along the line of history for his eclectic costume, had, singularly enough, a pair of lefts for his sandals; but then his were red and mine were white, so we could not exchange.

Well, there is, I suppose, something naturally triumphant in tights, they seem to suspend one in the air by the legs, as you might say. Perhaps it is because you aren't used to them, and because they are lighter than pantaloons. That, however, will hardly account for the queer, nervous, exultant feeling we had as we strutted about among the impossible soldiery and assistant fairies, preparing to go on the stage. We were not quite happy though, for fear of Mr. Butler, the captain of the supes. He had not discovered us yet, but what would he say or do when he should discover us? He certainly would catch us, for some of the ballet girls and most of the professional supes had already detected us as amateurs; and a couple of blonde pages in silver spangles and dishevelled hair were poking fun at us. Just at the awful moment when we had got up stairs to the region of the wings, and were upon the point of making our *debut* in a vast procession of gnomes, fairies and Utopian infantry—men and women, boys and girls—just at that moment we were addressed by Mr. Butler, the chief of the supes. He argued the case aloud, right in the hearing of the two silver-spangled blonde pages and others, whether he would not put us out into the street, tights, tunics, unmatched sandals, and all. Not only while he was thus debating the matter, but when he demanded how we got in there, we did the only thing for us to do, which was to look him complacently in the face, and say nothing. Then he looked at us in silence awhile. Maybe he didn't care or dare to lose the wardrobe we wore. Perhaps he thought he would draw our salaries—twenty-five cents a night—for himself. My friend was, or pretended to be, of opinion that the chief of the supes admired the persistency of our devotion to the drama. I think, rather, he saw the funny side of our impudence. At any rate, he said we might go on the stage, now that we were there, telling my friend to keep right behind me, and charging me to follow directly after a certain red spirit of evil with a green baize tail. Then Mr. Butler turned on his heel and left us. We observed him soon after looking our way and laughing with one of the actors in a neighboring wing; and we were so far reassured as to give all our trepidation to the approaching debut.

It is doubtful if the audience knew what the play was about; it was one of those grand spectaculars whose plot dies of sheer inanition midway of the performance. From the wings, hustled about as I was in a throng of supes and ballet girls, with those two silver-spangled blonde pages jamming my cap-and-bells extinguisher down over my eyes and nose—well, I can give no idea what an insane jumble, what a confused system of goose-tracks, those footprints of the fairies were to me. At last the thrilling moment of our first appearance before the foot-lights had arrived, and the motley rabble of the wings and side scenes disgorged itself upon the stage in a grand procession, whose connection with the past, present, or future of the beautiful fairy, the heroine of the piece, I never hope to understand. We entered at the back of the stage left, crossed over right, came down the stage, and turning once more, marched across in the full glare of the footlights and off left, and went directly on again, having merely shuffled ourselves into different order, so as not to seem the same procession. During this second deal, as we were coming around again in front of the footlights, my friend dropped one of his red sandals, and, instead of passing on without it, as a professional supe would have done, he stopped and clattered back after it, thereby breaking the line, halting the whole procession, and, of course, bringing down the house.

For all the heartiness of the audience's applause, my friend felt that he had not distinguished himself, and we both stole away out of Mr. Butler's sight, concealing ourselves with our old patron, costumer to the supes. His hand trembled and wasted snuff, in an unusual manner, when he learned what my friend had done. We kept very quiet for some time, and hoping at last that the storm was blown over, were beginning to feel a return of the gauzy exhilaration of tights and tunics. I suppose there was very little of the real Grecian in our make-up; but I must say I don't know when I ever got so much real pleasure out of anything classical. And that was our glad state when the chief of the supes sent for us. Mr. Butler, as strange as it may sound, did not seem to have time to swear at either of us just then; he wanted us, in great haste, to go on the stage again. We went on once or twice more, sometimes marching, sometimes leaning on our wands and blinking stupidly at the audience, like practised professionals. So, by the end of the act everybody began to have confidence in everybody; which we, on our part, manifested by fraternizing with the supes, and getting in the way of the scene-shifters and property-men.

A queer race we found the supes to be. Some of them worked at trades during the day, but many of them looked as if they never did anything so unromantic or praiseworthy as honest work. Some of the young ones, I fancy, served in a blameless state of stage-struck glamour. Even the rogues among them did not appear to be of the most intelligent sort. We were surprised to learn that the coarsest featured women, as a general thing, were the handsomest before the foot-lights. It seems that everything on the stage must be exaggerated; your living statuary must be of heroic size; as it were. The ballet girls were mostly heroines in this sense; they were certainly not attractive, huddled together near at hand. There were, however, some good, not to say pathetic, faces among them. Think of a poor widow dancing to support her four small children. Well, there was such a one in that ballet. The blonde pages, I have told you of were rather handsome; but then they annoyed us so, especially after my friend's exploit with the sandal, that we could not look upon them with unprejudiced eyes. There was a discontented supe, who, perhaps, for the sake of being contrary, sided with us, or I should say, befriended us through all the evening's troubles. He was a tall fellow, just pigeon-toed enough to make him, when crossing the stage in oil-cloth topboots, appear to go sideways, or rather in that larboard quarter way in which you have seen a dog trot, seeming to tack, but really going before the wind. Well, there is some sort of connection between this peculiarity of his and the pathetic voice in which he vented his discontent, for I never can think of one without thinking of the other. It was true, he said, when they painted for Indians or Turks, or blacked themselves for negroes in the moral drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or the "Octoroon," supes got fifty instead of twenty-five cents a night; but then they had to furnish their own soap. The Spanish brown, with which they made themselves Moors or Indians, was always very bad—the same that houses are painted with he believed. We could form no idea, he assured us, of how it would stick.

In the third act of the play we were drafted as Roman soldiers, and we appeared as nearly in character as gilt and pasteboard and tin battle axes and broad swords could make us. As Roman soldiers we were to figure in the scene disclosing the celebrated "Fairy Lake of Glass," advertised by the management to be "one solid glass plate," and to have cost $5000. Now, that extraordinary sheet of water consisted in reality of a goodly-sized piece of bright sheet tin, and cost, as nearly as a person outside the hardware business can estimate, about $13 75.

In due time we found ourselves—an incongruous pretorian cohort—marching through fairyland. Whether it was the roundness of my friend's fat legs, or the witchery of the scene, or whether I was simply carried away with stage fervor, I can not say; indeed, I have tried to explain how the strange temptation came over me, and I fear I shall never know; but just as we were marching at the rear of the little raised platform, which I suppose was mistaken by the audience for a bridge over the famous "Fairy Lake of Glass," I gave my pine-helved battle ax another flourish and thrust its tin point between a couple of brilliant scales in the pasteboard armor of my friend, as he swaggered grandly ahead of me. I prodded him, it seems, much harder than I meant. I had intended a gentle surprise; the result proved something more. For, as I touched his fat ribs, there came from him a smothered shriek, and I was amazed to see my friend leap madly into the air, clearing the bridge, and landing plump upon the "Fairy Lake of Glass," a couple of feet below. There was a sound of crumpling tin heard all over the house, and my friend floundered desperately on his Roman stomach, to the uproarious applause of the audience. Scrambling up as quickly as he could, he resumed his place in the line. On our second round, as we came to the front again, the audience recognized us both, and cheered louder than before. In fact, they appeared to see far more histrionic genius in our performance than the stage manager and chief of the supes did. You can imagine the swearing with which those two gentlemen prologued and epilogued the announcement that we need not go on the stage any more.

We vanished into the room of our old patron, whom, in our sheer desperation and for short, we took to calling "Snuffy." Here we crawled out of the Augustan age into our own, by getting into our clothes as quickly as possible. My friend in his good nature forgave me prod ing him with the battle-ax, and once more in condition to appear in the street in case of emergency we plucked up courage, resolving to see the thing out. We mingled among the supes until we imagined our identity lost, at least to the stage manager, if not to Mr. Butler. After a while we ventured up stairs to the wings again, where we were recognized and commented upon by the ballet girls, and chaffed worse than ever by the blonde pages. In their ignorance of Roman history they called my friend Brutus, I recollect, and myself Julius Cæsar. Being a freshman, of course I told them that it was Cæsar who got stabbed, in annals, and it could not therefore be Brutus whom I had prodded in the ribs. They didn't care; they Cæsared me more than ever. We had not been very long in the wings when I observed a blonde charmer in the guise of a page, with silver scales and her hair gracefully disheveled, leaning against a side scene, with her feet akimbo, as I shall have to call it in my ignorance of the proper term. She was evidently just ready to go upon the stage. Her golden back hair was toward me. Thinking to pay in her own coin at least one of my most persistent tormentors, I stole up behind her and gave her hair a playful twist. The lady turned briskly around, and, glaring at me, demanded in an indignant, tragic way, "What does this mean, sir?" Then I discovered that I had been pulling the hair of the leading actress, wife of the leading actor, the Prince of the piece. She, the Queen of all the Fairies, in order that she might watch her princely lover unobserved, was then disporting herself in the disguise of a page at the court of his Highness's royal father. Of course she was an utter stranger to me, and I was dumbfounded. "What does this mean, sir?" she repeated. "There comes my husband. I will speak to him." Looking in the direction indicated by her eyes, I beheld the Prince, in all his magnificent clothes, striding toward us from toward the stars' dressing room. "For heaven's sake, madam," I faltered, "don't, don't do that! I took you for somebody else." At this, the two pages of our acquaintance, who seemed always on hand just in time to witness any discomfiture, burst out laughing, in which the Queen of the Fairies could not help joining. His Highness the Prince stalked by us on to the stage, and I walked to another wing, the two pages following and amusing themselves with me, until it came time for them to join the Queen before the audience.

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes I have a dim recollection of being in everybody's way. It was probably owing to the fact, added to that of a scarcity of supes, that Mr. Butler, the chief, so far forgot his anger and the past as to ask us if we wanted to go on as fishes in the grand submarine scene in the last act. In that we would have little to do but to stand still, and he thought he could trust us that far. Finding us willing to be fishes, he led us into a property room, filled with all sorts of sea monsters, and bade us take our choice. My friend, in his fat ferocity, chose to be a shark. I said I would be a whale. As a fish and a shark, my friend looked like an exaggerated edition of himself as a young man, excepting only about the mouth. There, what was intended to be fierce was in reality oddly lackadaisical. If, however, the shark was weakly sentimental, my whale was ponderous and impressive, the largest of three of the same species. I inspected it as it lay sprawled upon its ineffectual back on the floor of the property room; it was an unsavory thing, upon a framework of half-tanned leather and ill-cured whalebone. Another supe and myself carried the carcass to the stage, where, behind a flat, they were arranging the submarine scene—the home of the water nymphs, or something of the kind. Here I was made to mount the center pedestal at the back of the stage, with a lesser whale in either hand. Then they put the frame right over me. My whale had evidently been made for a much taller supe than I was, as the holes for the eyes to look out of were about a foot above my head; and the whole weight of the colossus, instead of resting upon my shoulders, as it was designed to do pressed somehow right upon my forehead. About the time the weight began to be painfully felt, and I became aware that I never could stand it, the curtain rose. There I was, like another Jonah, cooped up in that dark, suffocating carcass. My complainings could not be heard, or at least understood, then, if I uttered them. How I did curse my vaulting ambition that had so overleaped itself! If I had only chosen to be a modest dolphin, or any smaller fish! Of the audience, of the submarine wonders, of my friend the shark, of my blonde, be-silvered tormentors, I could see nothing; but these last I heard occasionally in their comments upon the "boss whale," as they called me. The confined air and the pressure upon my head at last became unbearable. As there was no possible help for me from without, I cast about within me, as I may say, for what I should do for myself. The only relief I could think of was to stoop down, leaving most of the weight upon my arms, and my arms upon my knees. No sooner had I done this than I could hear through the thickness of my skin, "Get up, get up there!" coupled with muffled oaths; "Get up, I say!" and I recognized the commanding voice of the chief of the supes. "Straighten up that whale, or I'll put you out of the theatre!" Now, although that was the catastrophe I just then coveted most, I made a mighty effort and stood up again. After a painful moment or so, I determined that I would sit down on my pedestal, even if the chief whale waddled inconstantly and feebly in the dust, lower than his fellows, and even if I should be taken and led out ignominiously by my dorsal fin. And I did sit down through the rest of the scene. There was marching going on in front of me on the stage. I could not see it, of course, but I knew every time my faithful pages came around by the remarks they made; which were asides to this effect, "Sick whale, sick whale! O, ain't he cunning! Walk off on your fin!"

At last the scene was to close by the fishes and all marching out; I was to bring up the rear of the procession. I stumbled around the stage blindly, followed one of the lesser whales by a sort of fishy instinct, I suppose. To add brilliancy of effect to the scene, an extra gas pipe had been brought on to the stage, about a foot above the flooring, at the side where the procession made its exit. Those who preceded, having the use of their eyes, stepped gaily over this, but I tripped and fell sprawling, the head of the whale plunging drolly out of the audience's view, leaving the tail elevated gigantically, and my legs dangling at an oblique angle with it, all in plain sight. I could not get out of the whale, and I could not get off the stage; so there I lay and kicked. I could hear that the applause of the audience increased with my struggles. It occurred to me that I could at least conceal my legs, which were clad in the pantaloons usual to land animals of our species, and I turned over.

This had the surprising dioramic effect to the audience of a sudden disappearance. I had vanished as to my legs, but there still lay beached upon the stage the biggest half of a whale. The Queen of the Faries and his highness the Prince, who, nearer to the footlights, were trying to carry on the play, had their voices drowned by the cheers of the house. All this mingled dimly in my ears with the vituperation of the chief of the supes, the stage manager and the prompter. It was the three of them in their wrath who pulled the whale off the stage, leaving me still in view, spread out in my shirt sleeves and pantaloons, exhausted by strangulation and mortification. Just as I was recovering enough to think about gathering myself up to steal away, a couple of supes, dressed in blue and gold knee-breeches and cut-away coats, marched in and carried me off like a piece of stage furniture.

This all happened in much less time than it takes to tell it, yet it was enough for me—I beg your pardon? Yes, that was my last appearance on the stage. There is no use of dwelling upon my utter humiliation or the jibes of the pages and ballet girls. But at the abuse of the chief of the supes I finally revolted. I had endured enough; I turned upon him. I told him that was no sort of a whale anyhow; it was intended for a giant and one without lungs. I had heard enough, and suffered enough. He needn't tell me that I couldn't go on the stage again. I didn't want to go again; I wouldn't go on the stage again. And those, I may add, were our sentiments when we got home that night, and our sentiments even to this hour.—*June Atlantic.*

DEAD.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brown and beautiful face
They tied her vail and marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet the white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breaths as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately and beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took his key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak;
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?

See now; I will listen with soul, not ear,
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out what a wisdom true love is?

O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

I listen as deep as the horrible hell,
As high as the heaven, and you do not tell!

There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

I would tell you darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears on my brow shed.

I would say though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise:

The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all surprises dying must bring.

Ah, foolish world! O, most unkind dead!
Though she told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way;

The utmost wonder is this: I hear,
And you see, and love you, and kiss you dear;

And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that though dead I have never died.

The First Campaign Liar.

[By James Parton, in the Atlantic for July.]

That product of the human intellect which we denominate the campaign lie, though it did not originate in the United States, has here attained a development unknown in other lands. It is the destiny of America to try all experiments and exhaust all follies. In the short space of seventy-seven years we have exhausted the efficiency of falsehood uttered to keep a man out of office. The fact is not to our credit, indeed; for we must have lied to an immeasurable extent before the printed word of man, during six whole months of every fourth year, could have lost so much of its natural power to affect human belief. Still less is it for our good, since campaign truths, however important they may be, are equally ineffectual. Soon after the publication of a certain ponderous work, called the Life of Andrew Jackson, one of the original Jackson men of Pennsylvania met the author in the street, and said in substance, "I am astonished to find how little I knew of a man whose battles I fought for twelve years. I heard all those stories of his quarrels and violence, but I supposed, of course, they were campaign lies!"

Thomas Jefferson, who began so many things in the early career of the United States, was the first object upon whom the campaign liar tried his unpracticed talents. The art, indeed, may be said to have been introduced in 1796 to prevent his election to the Presidency; but it was in 1800 that it was clearly developed into a distinct species of falsehood. And, it must be confessed that, even amid the heat of the election of 1800, the campaign liar was hard put to it, and did not succeed in originating that variety and reckless extravagance of calumny which has crowned his efforts since. Jefferson's life presented to his view a most discouraging monotony of innocent and beneficial actions—twenty-five years of laborious and unrecompensed public service, relieved by the violin, science, invention, agriculture, the education of his nephews and the love of his daughters. A life so exceptionally blameless did not give fair scope to talent; since falsehood, to have its full and lasting effect, must contain a fraction of a grain of truth. Still, the Champaign Liar of 1800 did well enough for a beginner.

He was able, of course, to prove that Mr. Jefferson "hated the constitution," had hated it from the beginning, and was "pledged to subvert it." The noble Marcellus of New York (Hamilton, apparently), writing in Noah Webster's new paper, the *Commercial Advertiser*, soared into prophecy, and was thus enabled to describe with precision the methods which Mr. Jefferson would employ in effecting his fell purpose. He would begin by turning every federalist out of office, down to the remotest postmaster. Then he would "tumble the financial system of the country into ruin at one stroke;" which would of necessity stop all payments of interest on the public debt, and bring on "universal bankruptcy and beggary." Next, he would dismantle the navy, and thus give such free course to privateering, that "every vessel which floated from our shores would be plundered or captured. And, since every source of revenue would be dried up, the government would no longer be able to pay the pensions of the scarred veterans of the revolution, who would be seen "starving in the streets or living on the cold and precarious supplies of charity." Soon, the unpaid officers of the government would resign, and "counterfeiting would be practiced with impunity." In short, good people, the election of Jefferson will be the signal for Pandora to open her box, and empty it upon your heads.

The Campaign Liar mounted the pulpit. In the guise of the Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, of Connecticut, he stated that Mr. Jefferson had gained his estate by robbery and fraud; yea, even by robbing a widow and fatherless children of £10,000 intrusted to him by the dead father's will. "All this can be proved," said the reverend campaigner. Some of the falsehoods were curiously remote from the truth. "He despises mechanics," said a Philadelphia paragraphist of a man who doted on a well-skilled, conscientious workman. "He despises mechanics, and owns 250 of them," remarked this writer. That Monticello swarmed with yellow Jeffersons was the natural conjecture of a party who recognized as their chief the paramour of a Reynolds. "Mr. Jefferson's Congo harem" was a party cry. There were allusions to a certain "Dusky Sally," otherwise Sally Henings, whose children were said to resemble the master of Monticello in their features and the color of their hair. In this particular campaign lie there was just that fractional portion of truth which was necessary to preserve it fresh and vigorous to this day. There is even a respectable Madison Henings now living in Ohio, who supposes that Thomas Jefferson was his father. Mr. Henings has been misinformed. The record of Mr. Jefferson's every day and hour, contained in his pocket memorandum books, compared with the record of his slave's birth, proves the impossibility of his having been the father of Madison Henings. So I am informed by Mr. Randall, who examined the records in the possession of the family. The father of those children was a near relative of the Jeffersons, who need not be named.

A TERRIBLY REAL STORY.

[From Lippincott's Magazine for July.]

Nine days after a storm in the Gulf of Mexico, a traveler, finding his way from the salt-pans of Western Louisiana, took a little fishing craft. There was that fresh purity in the air and the sea which follows the bursting of the elements. The numerous "bays" and keys that indent the shore looked fresher and brighter, and there was that repentant beauty in nature which aims to soothe us into forgetfulness of its recent angry passions. The white-winged sea birds flew about, and tall water fowl stood silently over their shadows like a picture above and below. The water sparkled with salt freshness, and the roving winds sat in the shoulder of the sail, resting and riding to port.

The little bark slipped along the shores and shallows, and in and out by key and inlet, seeing its shadow on the pure white sand that seemed so near its keel. The last vestige of the storm was gone, and the little gulf world seemed fresher and gladder for it. The tropical green grasses and water plants hung their long, linear, hair-like sheaths in graceful curves, and patches of willow palm and palmetto, in many an intricate curve and involution, made a labyrinth of verdure. The wild loveliness of the numerous slips and channels, where never a boat seemed to have sailed since the Indian's water-logged canoe was tossed on the shadowy banks, was enhanced by the vision of distant ships, their sails even with the water, or broken by the white buildings of a sleepy plantation in its bower of fig and olive and tall moss-clustered pines.

Suddenly the the traveler fancied he heard a cry, but the fishermen said no—it was the scream of water fowl or the shrill call of an eagle far above, dropping down from the blue zenith; and they sailed on. Again he heard the distant cry, and was told of the panther in the bush and wild birds that drummed and called with almost human intonation; and they sailed on again. But again the mysterious, troubled cry arose from the labyrinth of green, and the traveler entreated them to go in quest of it. The fishers had their freight for the market—delay would deteriorate its value; but the anxious traveler bade them put about and he would bear the loss.

It was well they did. There, in the dense coverts of the sea swamps, and the brackish watergrowths and grasses, they found a man and a woman, ragged, torn, starved. For nine days they had had no food but the soft pith of the palmetto, coarse mussels or scant poison berries, their bed the damp morass, and their drink the brackish water; and they told the wild and terrible story of Last Island.

Last Island was the Saratoga and Long Branch of the South, the southernmost watering place in the Gulf. Situated on a fertile, sandy island, enriched by innumerable flocks of wild fowl, art had brought its wealth of fruit and flowers to perfection. The cocoanut-palm, date-palm and orange orchards contrasted their rich foliage in the sunshine with the pineapple, banana, and the rich, soft turf of the mesquit-grass. The air was fragrant with magnolia and orange bloom, the gardens glittering with the burning beauty of tropical flowers, jessamine thickets and voluptuous grape arbors, the golden wine-like sun pouring an intoxicating balm over it; graceful white cottages festooned with vines, with curving chalet or Chinese roofs colored red; pinnacled arbors and shadowy retreats of espaliers pretty as a coral grove; and a fair shining hotel in the midst, with arcades and porches and galleries—the very dream of ease and luxury, as delicate and trim as if made of cut paper in many forms of prettiness. Here was the nabob's retreat: in this balmy garden of delight all that luxury, art and voluptuous desire could hint or hope for was collected; and nothing harsh or poor or rugged jarred the fullness of its luxurious ease.

Ten nights before, its fragrant atmosphere was broken into beautiful ripples by the clang and harmony of dancing music. It was the night of the "hop." The hotel was crowded. Yachts and pleasure vessels pretty as the petals of a flower tossed on the water, or as graceful shells banked the shores; and the steamer at twilight came breathing short, excited breaths with the last relay, for it was the height of the summer season. In their light airy dresses, as the music swam and sung, bright-eyed girls floated in graceful waltzes down the voluptuous waves of sound, and the gleam of light and color was like a butterflies' ball. The queenly, luscious night sank deeper, and lovers strolled in lamp-lighted arcades, and dreamed and hoped of life like that, the fairy existence of love and peace; and so till, tired of play, sleep and rest came in the small hours.

Hush! All at once came the storm, not, as in northern latitudes, with premonitory murmur and fretting, lashing itself by slow degrees into white heat and rain, but the storm of the tropics, carrying the sea on its broad, angry shoulders, till, reaching the verduous, love-clustered little isle, it flung the bulk of waters with all its huge, brawny force right upon the cut paper prettiness and broke them into sand and splinters. Of all the pretty children with blue and with opalescent eyes, arrayed like flowers of the field; of all those lovers dreaming of love in summer dalliance, and of cottages among figs and olives; of all the vigorous manhood and ripe womanhood, with all the skill and courage of successful life in them—not a tithe was saved. The ghastly maw of the waters covered them and swallowed them. A few sprang, among crashing timbers, on a floor laden with impetuous water—the many perhaps never waked at all, or woke to but one short prayer. The few who were saved hardly knew how they were saved—the many who died never knew how they were slain or drowned.

It has twice been my fortune in life to see such a storm, and to know its sudden destruction; once, to see a low, broad, shelving farmhouse disappear to the ground timbers before my eyes, as if its substance had vanished into air, while great globes of electric fire burst down and sunk into the ground; once, to see a pine forest of centuries' growth cut down as grass by the mower's scythe. I do not think it possible to see a third and survive, and I do not wish my soul to be whirled away in the vortex of such a storm.

At noon or later, after the ruin of Last island, a gentleman of a name renowned in Southwestern story found himself clinging to a bush in the wild waters, lashed by the long whips of branches, half dead with fatigue and fear. For a time the hurly-burly blinded and hid everything, and the long roll rocked and tore at him in desperate endeavor to wrench loose his bleeding fingers. The impulse of the wind and storm at such a time is as of a solid body, and there is a look of solidity in the very appearance of the magnificent force. But as it abated he thought he heard a faint cry, and looking around he saw a poor girl in the ribbons of her night dress clinging to a branch, and slipping from her feeble hold. Tired as he was, and wild and dangerous as the attempt might be, he did not dare to leave her to perish. Choosing his time in a lull, he struck out to the bush, and reached it just as his ebbing strength gave way. He took her in his sturdy arms, and clinging with tooth and nail stayed them both to their strange anchorage. Faint, half conscious, disrobed as she was, in the sweet, delicate feature, the curve of the lip, and the raven tresses clothed in seaweed, he recognized the Creole belle of last night's hop. He cheered and encouraged her, pointing out that the storm was abating, had abated. It could not be long until search boats came, and while he had strength to live she should share it. It proved true. Generous and hardy fishers and ships had come at once to the scene of the disaster, and were busy picking up the few spared by wind and wave. They found the two clinging together, and to that slight bush, and took them off, wrapping them in ready, rough fishermen's coats. The reader can see the end of that story. A meeting so appointed had its predestined end in a love match. So we leave it and them; the rest of their lives belong to them, not to us.

The pair found by our fishing-smack were a wealthy planter and his wife. For nine days of starvation and danger they had clung together. When I think of the husband's manly care in thus abiding by the wife, I find it hard to reconcile it with the fact that he only valued his life and hers at a few dollars—not enough to compensate the traveler for the loss incurred as demurrage to the fishermen.

Now Last Island is but a low sandy reef, which a few straggling fruit trees try to keep the remembrance of its by-gone beauty. It is as bare and desolate as the bones of those who filled its halls in the catyclysm of that dreadful night—bones which now waste to whiteness on sterile shores, or are wrought into coral in the undersea.

Polish Vengeance.

Only one railroad station from Warsaw, on the way to Kalish, lies the beautiful castle of Czerma, the present residence of Baron Wuttliff. The castle had once belonged to a Polish aristocrat, but had been sold by order of the Czar, in 1862, because the only son of Count Zedlitzky had refused to serve against his Polish countrymen, who were then in rebellion against Russia. This refusal had very sad consequences, indeed, for the old count, being driven from his home, could not stand the severe shock, and soon afterward died. Baron Wuttliff had been in command of the Russian forces at Warsaw during the revolution, and he had made himself an object of special hatred on account of his cruelty against all who bore a Polish name. He had lately been rewarded for his service by being appointed commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in Poland, and the Castle Czerma was placed at his disposal. His headquarters were established at Warsaw, but he repaired to the castle every afternoon, over which his wife and daughter presided.

On the fifteenth of January last the Baron ordered some poor Poles to be flogged because they did not clear the road which led through the dense forests while he was on his way home. This cruel action embittered the inhabitants of Laros to a fearful extent, and threats were made. Two companies of Cossacks were ordered to Laros, and the entrances to the castle were closely guarded. The excitement had somewhat subsided, when, on the eighteenth of March last, two strangers, attired in the robes of Russian clergymen, approached the main entrance of the castle, and requested shelter for the coming night. The Baron, who was well known as orthodox in his religion, granted the request, and ordered the supposed priests to be well taken care of. To the surprise of the officer on duty next morning, the old servant in front of the Baron's door was lying on the floor breathing heavily and apparently unconscious. The alarm was immediately given, and the doors to the Baron's chamber were burst open. The Baron's throat was cut from ear to ear, and his right hand was chopped off. A dagger was run though it, thus fastening it to the near-by table, on which lay a slip of paper containing the inscription: "Polish vengeance."

The Baron's young daughter, Ida, who slept in an adjoiningroom, had likewise been brutally murdered. She was stretched out on the floor with an ugly stab wound in her breast, and it seemed evident that she had endeavored to assist her father. Her mother was bodily unharmed, only suffering from a strong dose of chloroform. The castle was thoroughly searched, and nothing suspicious detected. The two counterfeit clergymen had left early in the morning, and had stated to the sentinel that they were obliged to attend church at Laros by six o'clock. It was, however, soon found that they had not taken the route to the little village, and cavalry was dispatched to scour the vicinity. Five days had meanwhile elapsed, and the arduous labors of the soldiers had not been rewarded. The funeral of Baron Wuttliff and his daughter had taken place at Warsaw. Finally, on the twenty-ninth of March, a telegram was received from Major Heglewitch, stating that he had succeeded in capturing the fugitives near the Prussian boundary, disguised as cattle drivers. They arrived at Warsaw on the second of April, and made a full confession. The younger of the two was Count Zedlitzky, who stated that Baron Wuttliff had caused his father's exile and death, and that he had deemed it his solemn duty to liberate Poland from a monster. He took the deed entirely upon himself, and swore that his comrade was innocent. This statement was, however, not believed, for it had been ascertained that Nicholas Ratzky had bought the chloroform, and that he had been, until the death of the old Count, his private servant. Both were sentenced to be beheaded on the nineteenth of April.

An immense number of Poles were assembled to witness the last moments of their doomed compatriots, yet most all had to return unsatisfied, for fully 3000 Russian troops were marched up near the place of execution. Mr. Banitsky, Warsaw's venerable executioner for the past forty years, describes this as the most horrid execution he had ever witnessed. It was evident that private instructions had been recived from the Russian authorities to keep Count Zedlitzky in agony as long as possible. Ratzky was the first to lay his head on the fatal block, and after he had been hurried into eternity, the assistants seemed to be in no hurry at all to clear the block or to remove the body. They had purposely forgotten the casket, and nearly fifteen minutes elapsed before Count Zetlitzky was ordered to say his last prayer. During all that time the Count never trembled. He kissed the crucifix, the fatal ax dropped, his head fell into the basket, the drums began to beat, and—Russian justice was satisfied.

The Skeleton of the California Desert.

The California papers are asking the New Englanders who has lost a father, a husband or a brother, who probably left their arms for the wilds of the Pacific coast long years ago, to find them a fortune, with which he promised to return and make them comfortable and happy. This one never returned, and his family, if any of them still live, have not heard from their protector for a long time. He died among the sand hills of San Mateo county, between Lake Merced and the ocean, and his bones have been lying there bleaching for years. The skeleton was seen three or four years ago by some thoughtless men, who passed by on the other side and left it undisturbed. A few weeks ago it was again met in the desert, and near it were found several pictures which are evidently twenty years old. They are two daguerreotypes and an ambrotype, and they may lead to the identification of the owner. One is that of a beautiful young woman, of over twenty years of age apparently. Her long, natural black curls fall below her shoulders. She had on an old-fashioned drawn-silk bonnet, with face flowers, and long, wide ribbons, tucked under the chin. Her cloak and dress are of some dark cloth; lace undersleeves pointed, and kid gloves; a bright, large, expressive black eye. The other daguerreotype is of a female about thirty-five or forty years old, hair dark and done up plainly, and ear-rings, plain gold breast-pain, lace collar and spotted dress. The third is an ambrotype of a girl, who would pass as daughter to the last; hair cut short, dark colored dress cut low in the neck, short sleeves; a small locket on the breast is attached to a chain around the neck. There these pictures have been gazing upon those bones, and the originals, far away, have looked in vain for the living to return and comfort them. The daguerreotypes are only inclosed in the metal inner casing, with common gilded border and copper back. The California artists say that the work was probably done in Maine, and the portraits are those of New Englanders. Copies of them are to be taken and sent East.

The President Never Uses Profane Language.

The Washington *Evening Star* has the following:

On Friday afternoon, before leaving for Long Branch, the President took a stroll along H street, and dropped in to see a friend, who is a well known citizen of Washington. During his stay the daughter of the gentleman referred to remarked that she had heard a pleasant thing about him. The President inquired to what she referred. "I have been told by an officer who served with you in the army," said she, "that he had been with you under many trying circumstances, and that in no single instance, no matter what the provocation, had he ever known you to make use of profane language. I was delighted to hear this, especially in view of the fact that profanity is said to be the rule and not the exception among army officers. Will you excuse me, Mr. President, if I inquire if what I heard is true?" "It is, I believe," modestly replied the President. "I have always regarded profane language as unnecessary, to say the least, and as I am a man of few words, I have never been able to understand the necessity for useless expressions of the character referred to."